

PROG 454
25 JAN 86

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

\$1.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
69c Mercury
110g Venus
86g Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
429g Neptune

24p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



**JUDGE
IN A JAP
TRAP!**

**DREDD
FOR THE
CHOP-
CHOP?**

From the legendary co-creator of
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GARY GYGAX

and the associate producer of
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BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

YOU are Judge Dredd! You have heard of the horrors that lurk within "The House Of Death", but you are not afraid to enter its dark doors - for you are brave, you are strong, you are The Law! And should you survive your adventure, there'll be no time to relax...for **YOU** are also **Nemesis the Warlock!** You are steering your Blitzspear at terrifying speeds through "The Terror Tube" - your mission, to rescue Purty Brown from the evil clutches of your arch-enemy Torquemada! And if...and it's a big if, Terrans...if you are still in one piece, **YOU** are also **Sidna!** You are about to break into the Tower of Glass, determined to steal "The Cauldron Of Blood" - even though it means risking your life; not to mention the life of your dwarf, Ukko! If you want to accept these blood-curdling challenges, if you want to get your battle-scarred hands on my 68-page Fantasy Gaming Special - on sale now - then turn at once to this prog's centre pages, and discover **DICEMAN!** **SPLUNDIG YUR THRIGGI!**

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: **THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 8LS.**

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **454**

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THE NATIVES CALL THIS WORLD "LOBIS LOYO".

THIS MEANS "ALL WE HAVE" OR "WE HAVE EVERYTHING" DEPENDING ON WHICH PHRASE-BOX YOU LISTEN TO.

WE CALL IT WARZONE 18.

THIS MEANS THAT THERE ARE 17 COLONIZED WORLDS IN THE WHOLE TARANTULA NEBULA CAUSING EARTH MORE TROUBLE THAN THIS ONE IS.

THE NATIVES CALL US "KOYOKS".

NOBODY'S SURE WHAT THIS MEANS, BUT WE'VE ALSO HEARD IT USED TO REFER TO A STOMACH ILLNESS THAT DOGS GET.

I'D NEVER SEEN REAL DOGS BEFORE, AND I WAS SURPRISED TO LEARN THEY CAN'T EVEN TALK.

IF THEY COULD, THEY'D PROBABLY ONLY SAY "KOYOKS GO HOME", LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

I HATE THIS PLACE. I HATE HAVING TO SEARCH OLD PEOPLE AND KIDS FOR WEAPONS IN CASE THEY'RE REALLY LOBIS LOYO FANN TERRORISTS.

I HATE THE WAY THEY LOOK AT ME.

STILL, I GUESS THINGS COULD BE WORSE. AT LEAST IT'S A JOB.

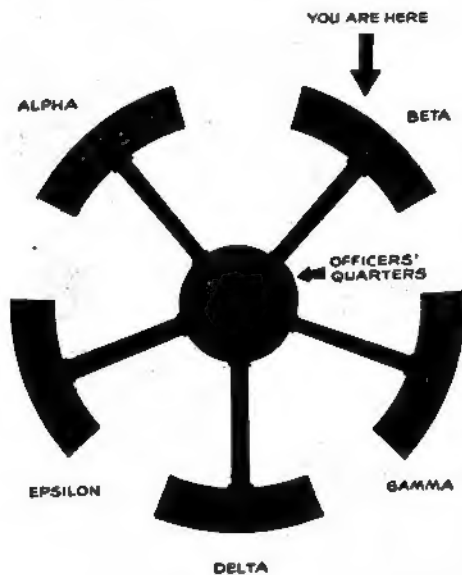
The Ballad Of

HALO JONES

3: Occupations

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPTS BY
ALAN MOORE
ART BY
IAN GIBSON
EDITING BY
STARKINGS
COMPU-73

OUR CAMP IS AT ROLTIP DHIM, WHICH IS A SORT OF TOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE PETRIFIED JUNGLE. THE PETRIFIED JUNGLE IS WHERE THE LOBIS LOYO FANN GUERRILLAS ARE HIDING.



BETA PLATOON'S BARRACKS GET HUMID AT NIGHTS, AND THERE'S NOT MUCH TO DO EXCEPT WORRY, WHICH IS WHY I'VE STARTED WRITING AGAIN. (FIRST TIME SINCE THE HOOP.)



THERE'S NO OTHER RECREATION FACILITIES, SO WE HAVE TO MAKE OUR OWN ENTERTAINMENT...



WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING N-NOW, TOY?

BLTYHA'S THREATENED TO KILL HERSELF UNLESS CAPTAIN RINK CONFESSES THAT HE'S TESS TESSERACT'S MISSING BROTHER!

I'M GETTING TO KNOW THE OTHER WOMEN BETTER. MONA'S ABOUT THE NICEST, ALTHOUGH SHE'S TERRIBLY NERVOUS.



M-ME NEITHER! ISN'T IT W-WORRYING?

SOME OF THE WOMEN IN THE OTHER PLATOONS ARE VERY WEIRD. THERE'S ONE CALLED 'LIFE SENTENCE', WHO REFUSED TO LEAVE TARANTULA WHEN HER TOUR WAS UP.

SHE JUST RE-ENLISTED... ELEVEN TIMES. I'VE NEVER HEARD HER SPEAK.



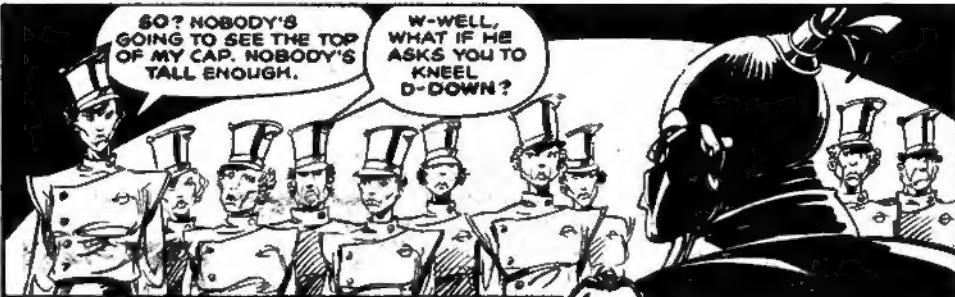
OF COURSE, THE BIG NEWS
THIS WEEK IS THAT THE
GENERAL HIMSELF CAME
TO GIVE US A PEP TALK...

MOLTO, GET
THE TOP OF THAT
CAP DUSTED OFF!
THE GENERAL
WILL BE HERE ANY
SECOND!

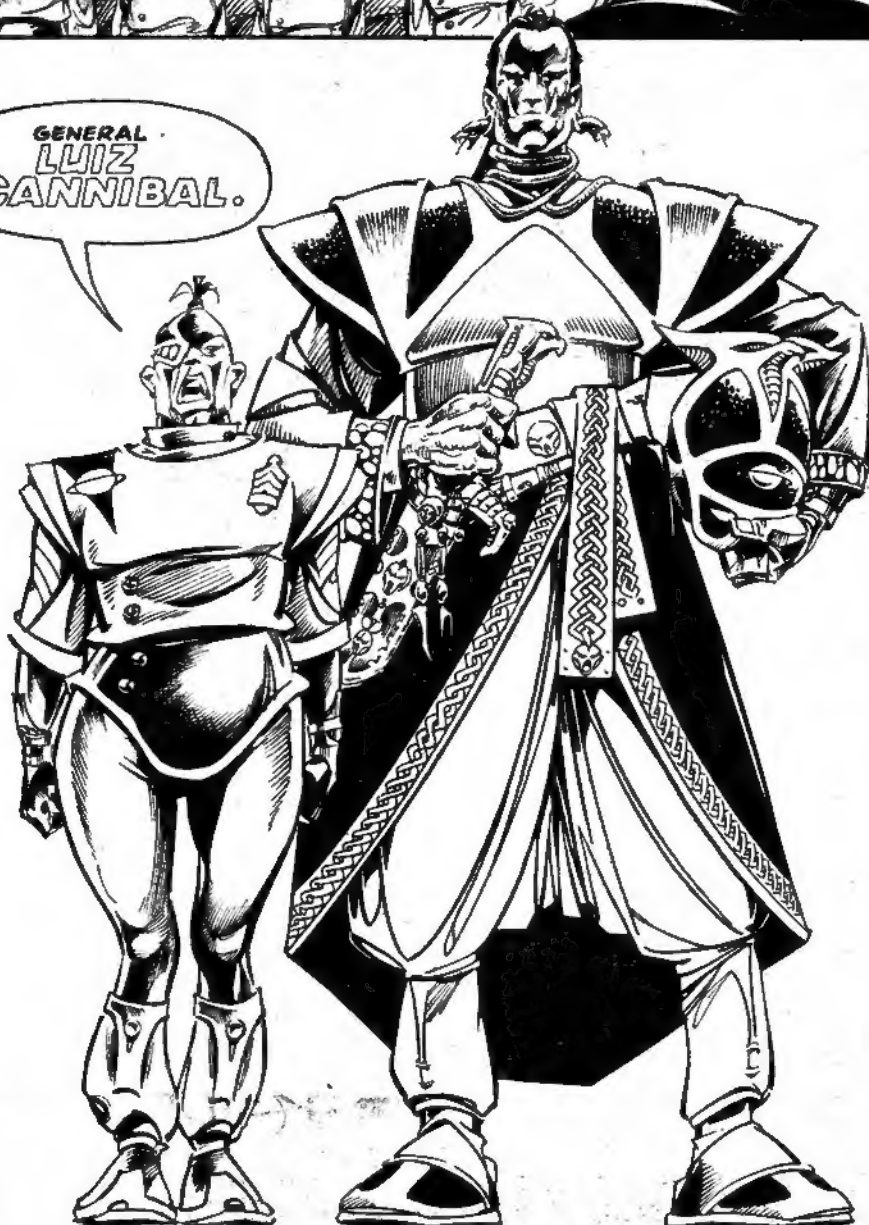


SO? NOBODY'S
GOING TO SEE THE TOP
OF MY CAP. NOBODY'S
TALL ENOUGH.

W-WELL,
WHAT IF HE
ASKS YOU TO
KNEEL
D-DOWN?



GENERAL
LUIZ
CANNIBAL.

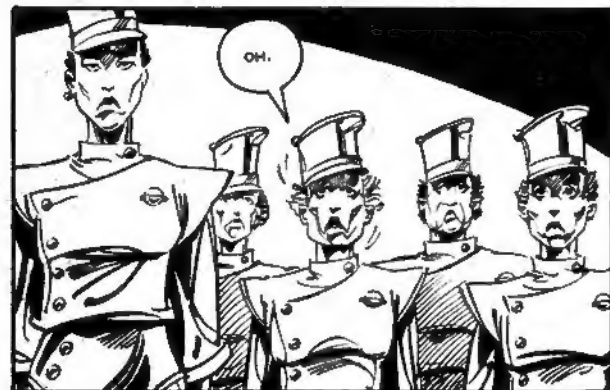


I DON'T THINK
THERE'LL BE ANY
NEED FOR
THAT.

OH. UHH...
PLATOON!
ATTEN-
SHUN!
YOU WILL NOW
BE ADDRESSED BY
THE SUPREME
COMMANDER OF
THE TERRAN
OFFENSIVE IN
TARANTULA...



OH.





I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, GENERAL. SHE MUST HAVE BEEN SO EXCITED ABOUT YOUR VISIT...

DON'T PATRONIZE ME, SERGEANT. SHE SAW A GIANT WITH TUSKS AND SHE FAINTED.

PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE, ALTHOUGH I'M NOT REALLY THAT TERRIFYING, AM I?



YOU ... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

J-JONES, SIR.

JONES. AND DOES PRIVATE JONES FIND ME TERRIFYING?



NO.

SIR.



GOOD. THAT PLEASES ME.

AS FOR THE WAR HERE, THAT PLEASES ME LESS SO. THE LOBIS LOYO FANN ARE GAINING GROUND.

WE MUST INTENSIFY SEARCH AND BURN MISSIONS WITHIN THE PETRIFIED JUNGLE.

THIS WORLD IS YOUR TRAINING GROUND BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE MORE DANGEROUS WARZONES.

TREAT ANY OPPORTUNITY TO GAIN COMBAT EXPERIENCE AS A PRECIOUS GIFT. YOUR LIFE WILL DEPEND UPON IT.

THAT WILL BE ALL.



...AND THAT WAS THAT. HE JUST TURNED AND LEFT, AND THE SERGEANT WOKE MONA SO SHE COULD YELL AT HER.

FUNNY... WHEN HE TOUCHED ME, HIS FINGERS WERE WARM. I THOUGHT THEY'D BE ICY.

P.S. (TWO DAYS LATER): I FINALLY DID IT. I WORKED UP THE NERVE TO TALK TO 'LIFE SENTENCE'...

UHH...
HI, LIFE
SEN-
TENCE!

I HEAR
WE'RE GOING
INTO THE JUNGLE
TOMORROW. YOU
DONE MUCH JUNGLE
FIGHTING?

CALL ME
LIFE
SENTENCE
AGAIN, I'LL
CUT YOUR
THROAT.

IT'S NOT A
LIFE SENTENCE,
IT'S JUST MY
JOB, OKAY?

O-O-KAY.
I'M
SORRY...

JUNGLE
FIGHTING...

JUNGLE
FIGHTING'S
STRANGE. I'LL
TELL YOU A
STORY ABOUT
IT...

THREE
HUNDRED
WOMEN WENT
INTO A THICKET
AND NEVER
CAME OUT
AGAIN.

UHH...
YEAH?
SO WHAT
HAPPENED
THEN?

WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING HAPPENED.
THAT'S IT. THAT'S THE
WHOLE STORY.

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT. YOU'RE
STUPID. I
GUESS YOU'LL
PROBABLY
DIE.

OH.
UHH...
RIGHT.

I... I COULDN'T
HELP NOTICING YOUR
NECKLACE. IT'S REALLY
UNUSUAL. STRINGING
DRIED FIGS TOGETHER
LIKE THAT...

FIGS?

HUH
HUH HUH.
THEY'RE
NOT
FIGS.

FIGS
DON'T WEAR
EAR-RINGS.

NEXT
PROG

THE PETRIFIED
FOREST

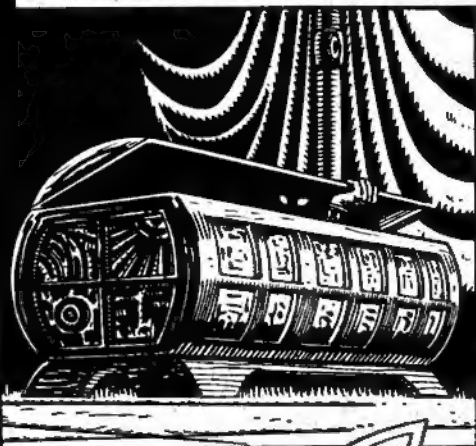
Slaine

SLAINE AND CO. HAD ENTERED THE DREAMING ROOM WHERE THEY WERE AFFECTED BY SOME OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS. MURDACH BY COVETOUSNESS; MUGROOTH BY SLOTH; NEST BY GLUTTONY; TLACHTGA BY ENVY; AND SLAINE BY ANGER... AN ANGER THAT FOUND AN OUTLET ON A ZOMBIE-WARRIOR HIDING IN THE ROOM!

WRITER:
PAT MILLS
ART:
DAVID PUGH
LETTERING:
STEVE POTTER



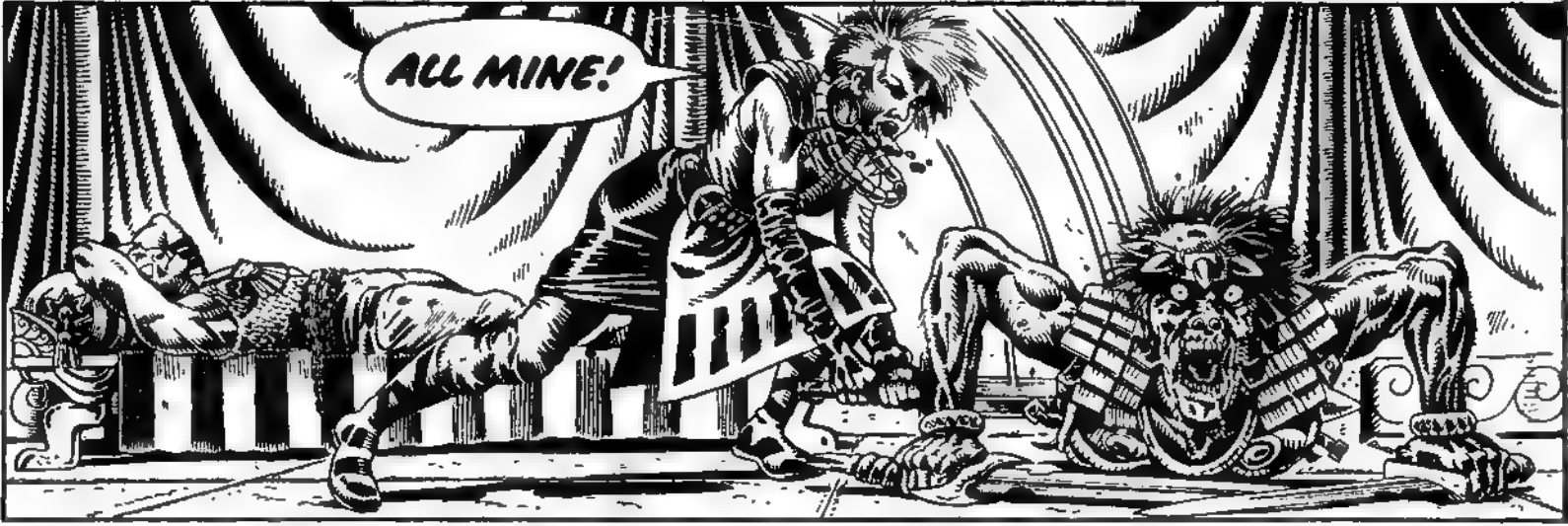
BUT, BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE BY OUR EMOTIONS,
MORE ZOMBIES WERE STIRRING...



MEANWHILE, OUR
COMPANIONS, UNDER
THE INFLUENCE OF
THE DARK GOD, WERE
UNWARE OF THE
DANGER...







IT WAS A FAIRLY
SIMPLE LOCK, BUT...



I TURNED TO
MYRDDIN
FOR HELP...

YOU'LL
HAVE TO
CAST A
SPELL TO
UNLOCK
THE
DOOR!

IS THE
MAGUS OF THE
CELTIC PEOPLES
CAST A BEGINNER'S
SPELL? IT'S BENEATH
MY DIGNITY!

OH, NO!
HE'S POSSESSED,
TOO... BY
PRIDE!

I AM A DEMI-ODD!
HALF-HUMAN, HALF-
CYTHRON... I CANNOT
CONCERN MYSELF WITH THE
AFFAIRS OF MERE MORTALS!

OH,
WELL... IF
YOU'RE
NOT UP
TO IT...

WHAT?

LET ME SHOW
YOU WHAT I AM
CAPABLE OF!

IN MOMENTS, THE LOCK RUSTED
AND CRUMBED TO DUST...



YOU SEE?
SIMPLICITY
ITSELF!

GREAT!

JUST HOPE
HIS HEAD WILL
GET THROUGH
THE DOOR!

WITH THE DOOR UNLOCKED, THE DARK
GOD'S CURSES SEEMED TO FADE...



WHERE
AM I? WHAT
HAPPENED?

COME
ON! TIME
TO GO!

THE ZOMBIES SEEMED
POWERLESS TO FOLLOW...



SORRY
WE'RE LEAVING
THE PLACE IN
A BIT OF A
STATE!

OUTSIDE, AS EVERYONE RETURNED TO NORMAL...

ONE THING I
DON'T UNDERSTAND...
WHY WASN'T UKKO
AFFECTED BY THE LAST
OF THE DARK GOD'S
CURSES... LUST?

AHE!
WHY DID HE
ESCAPE?



AH
THAT'S
EASY!

BECAUSE
SLAINE'S ALWAYS
CURSING ME, I'VE
GROWN IMMUNE
TO CURSES!



Next: INTO THE LAIR OF NIDHUG!

Game: Pat Mills. Art: Garry Leech.

LAST WEEK

YOUR WARP RATING:

TREASURE:

(From Part Seven)

You had to find 6 hoards of food and 3 caches of treasure hidden in the High Priests' Room. But there were also 6 Zombies lurking there - waiting to attack you!

The location of the food (F), treasure (T) and Zombies (Z) is indicated

below. Check against your positions for them. Your mark counts for the whole of the square.

You gain 3 warp points for each hoard of food you find. You gain 40 treasure points for each cache of treasure you find.

If you marked food or treasure on a zombie (Z) square, you have disturbed a dead warrior and will have to fight him. Fight each Zombie you disturb *individually*. Add one to his total in each combat round.

If you use magic to deal with them, you must pay the penalty indicated.

ZOMBIE'S WARP RATING: 4. COMBAT ADD: +1

MAGIC TIME PENALTY: 30 MINUTES (each)

You must then deal with the problems arising **THIS WEEK**.



THIS WEEK

Regardless of how much time you lost as a result of the choices you made last week, your adventures this week took ten minutes. **Deduct ten minutes from your clock.** Myrddin also used a small magic spell to unlock the door. So you must **deduct another ten minutes from your clock** for this.

At the end of the episode, you are in a long passage with two doors opposite you. You are wondering which way to go, when you hear **growling** from down the passage to your right.

From out of the darkness, comes a Wandering Monster, whose job it is to protect the tomb from intruders like you. It attacks.

Roll one die to see which monster it is...

If you roll a

1 SHOGGEY BEAST



WARP RATING: 11

MAGIC PENALTY: 50 MINUTES

2 or 3 SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER



WARP RATING: 9

TREASURE: 30

MAGIC PENALTY: 40 MINUTES

The monster will fight you to the death. The usual combat rules apply, but note that if you fight the tyrannosaur you must **add one to his total in each combat round**. If your monster has treasure, Ukko will add it to his collection after you've killed it.

There are two of each Wandering Monster, so if you killed a sabre-toothed tiger earlier and face the second one here, be warned ... This one is its mate and is looking for revenge!

Afterwards, you wipe the blood off your sword and consider which way to go.

The first door is ajar and you see there are shelves of ancient books inside and, on a table, an ornate box. The second door is shut. You realise the passage to your right is part of the main route into the tomb – an extension of the Processional Avenue.

Will you...

6 FEATHERED FIEND



WARP RATING: 13

MAGIC PENALTY: 50 MINUTES

4 or 5 TYRANNOSAUR



WARP RATING: 15. COMBAT ADD: + 1

TREASURE: 70

MAGIC PENALTY: 60 MINUTES

- A) Take the passage to your right? ☐
- B) Try an alternative route and enter the room with the books?
If so, will you (1) Open the box? ☐
(2) Examine the books? ☐
(3) Just walk through it? ☐
- C) Try an alternative route and enter the second room? ☐

Tick your choice and find out next week if it was the correct one. Make a note of your final score in the box below.

YOUR FINAL WARP RATING:

TREASURE:

NEXT PROG: WILL NIDHUG KILL YOU ?

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp



UNIT 4 HERE, SIR! SUSPECTS IN SIGHT. I CAN SEE UNITS 1 AND 2, AS WELL!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT GROVER
ART ROBOT
BELARDI WELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
P. JACOB
COMPU-73E

ON THE GIANT MID-SPACE TRANSPORT DEPOT 8-NIVE-FIVE ALIEN TRUCKER ACE GARP AND HIS CREW MAKE THEIR WAY TO A HIGHLY-ILLEGAL RENDEZVOUS—

UNIT 1 TO CAPTAIN LEGHORN! SUSPECT GARP NOW HEADING DOWN AISLE 9!

UNIT 2 TO CAPTAIN! I SEE 'EM, TOO!

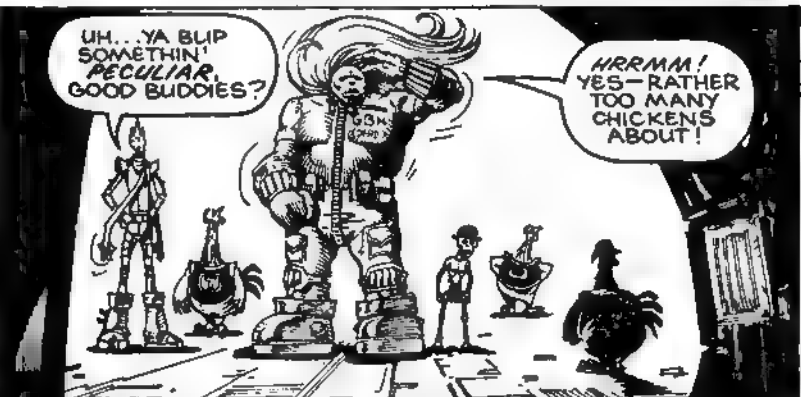


UNIT 9! I CAN SEE UNITS 1, 3 AND 4, SIR— NO SIGN OF THE GARP MOB, THOUGH!

WAIT A MINUTE, SIR! I THINK—



NOPE! SORRY! IT'S ONLY UNIT 7!



UH... YA BLIP SOMETHIN' PECULIAR, GOOD BUDDIES?

HRRMM! YES— RATHER TOO MANY CHICKENS ABOUT!

CONTINUES ON FIFTH PAGE FOLLOWING.

LOOK OUT ABOVE YOU! BEHIND YOU!
BELOW YOU! IN

£1.45

The 2000 AD

Fantasy

Game Special

DICE MAN

3

COMPLETE
GAMESTRIPS
WHERE

YOU

ARE THE
HERO!

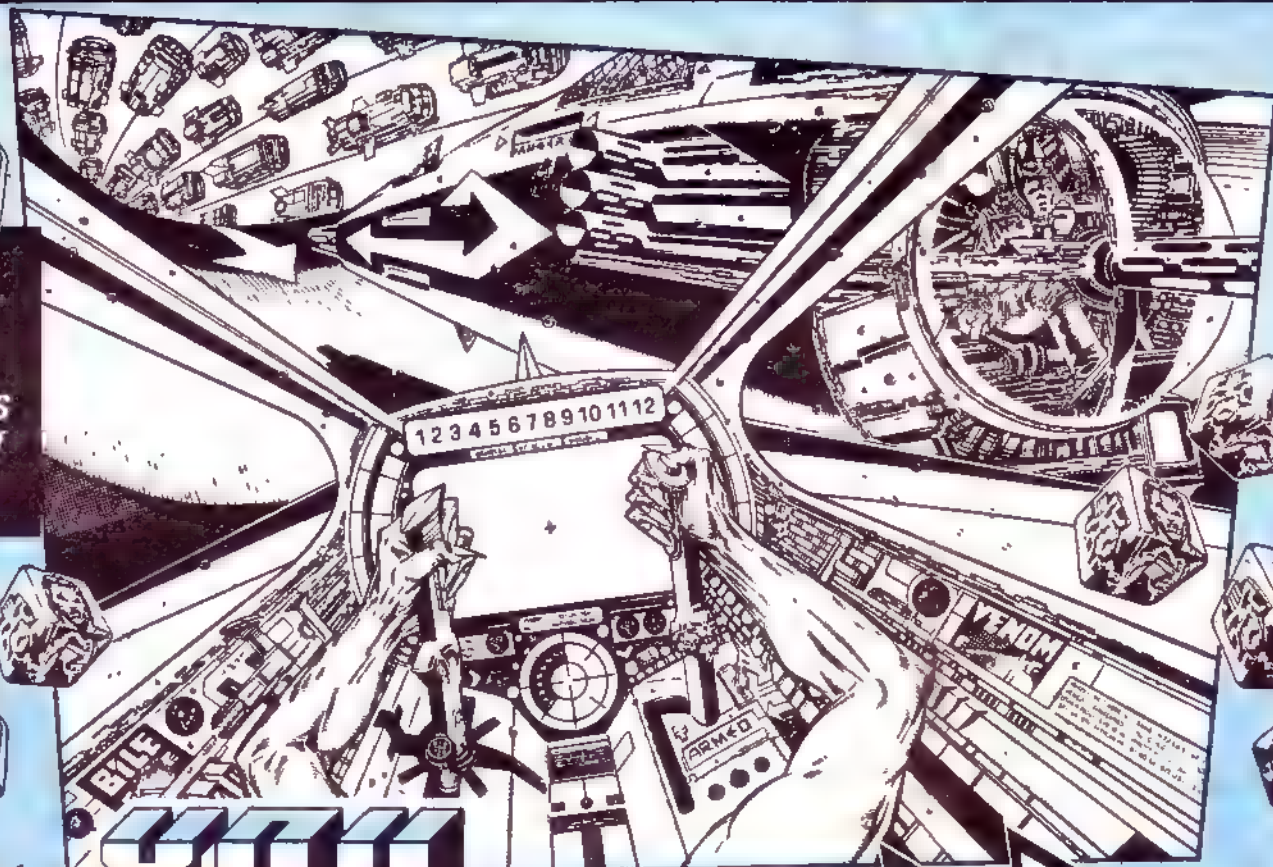


A NEW DIMENSION IN FANTASY GAMING AWAITS YOU!

— THE FULLY ILLUSTRATED FANTASY GAME MAGAZINE. IT'S A HIT!

DICEMAN

DICEMAN is a new concept in fantasy gaming. All in pictures, with fast-moving combat systems, the stories are designed so it feels as if YOU are actually there.



YOU

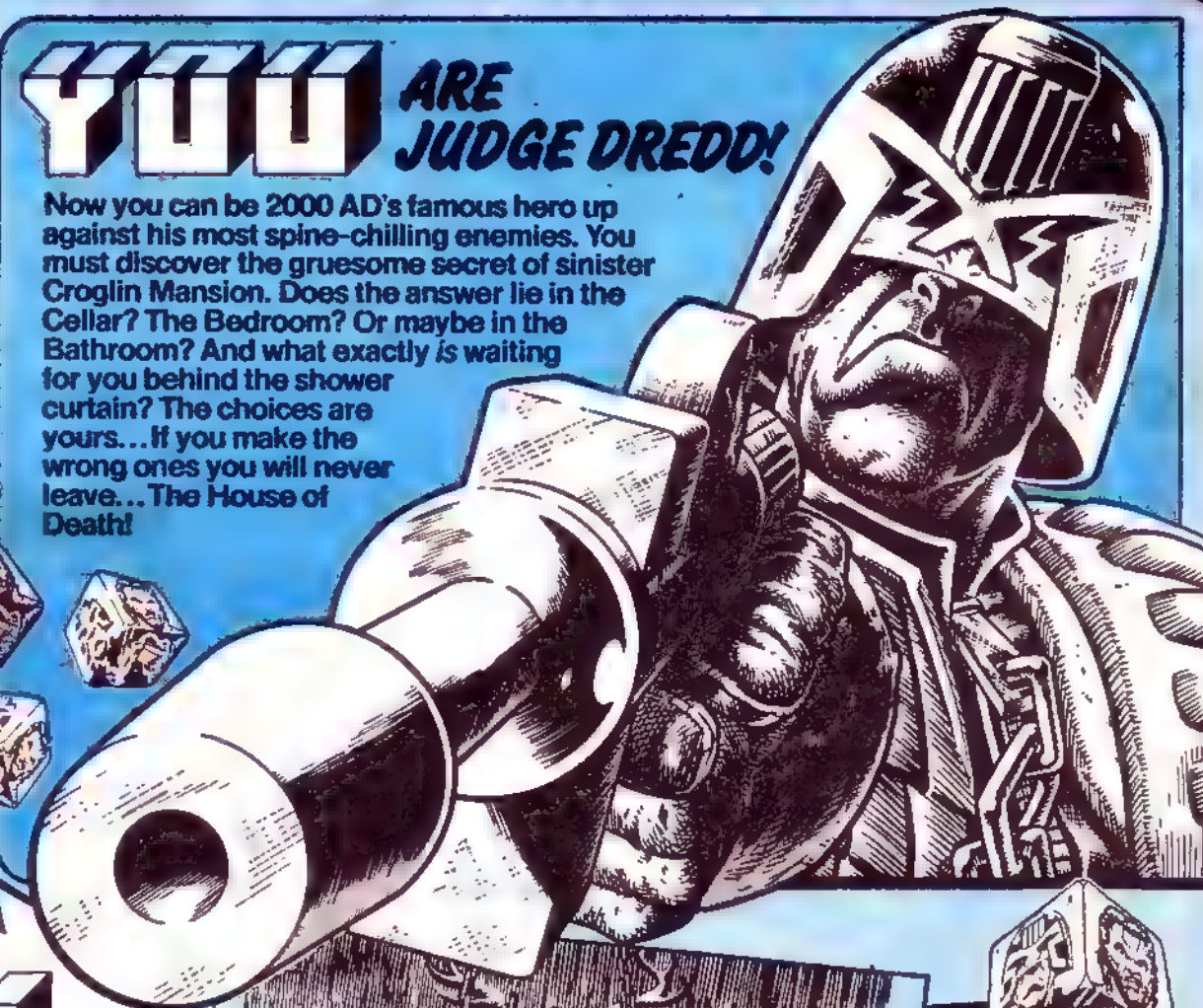
ARE NEMESIS!

You are the mysterious alien on a desperate mission to rescue secret agent Purity from the clutches of the evil Torquemada. Using a unique game system, you control the speed of your Blitzspear as you hurtle down tunnels at speeds of up to 120 MPH, blasting Terminators and avoiding traps.

Will you achieve a top 'Gore Score' or be wiped out by the Terminators? Designed so you're looking through the cockpit of the Blitzspear, this is a story strictly for maniac drivers!

YOU ARE JUDGE DREDD!

Now you can be 2000 AD's famous hero up against his most spine-chilling enemies. You must discover the gruesome secret of sinister Croglin Mansion. Does the answer lie in the Cellar? The Bedroom? Or maybe in the Bathroom? And what exactly is waiting for you behind the shower curtain? The choices are yours... If you make the wrong ones you will never leave... The House of Death!



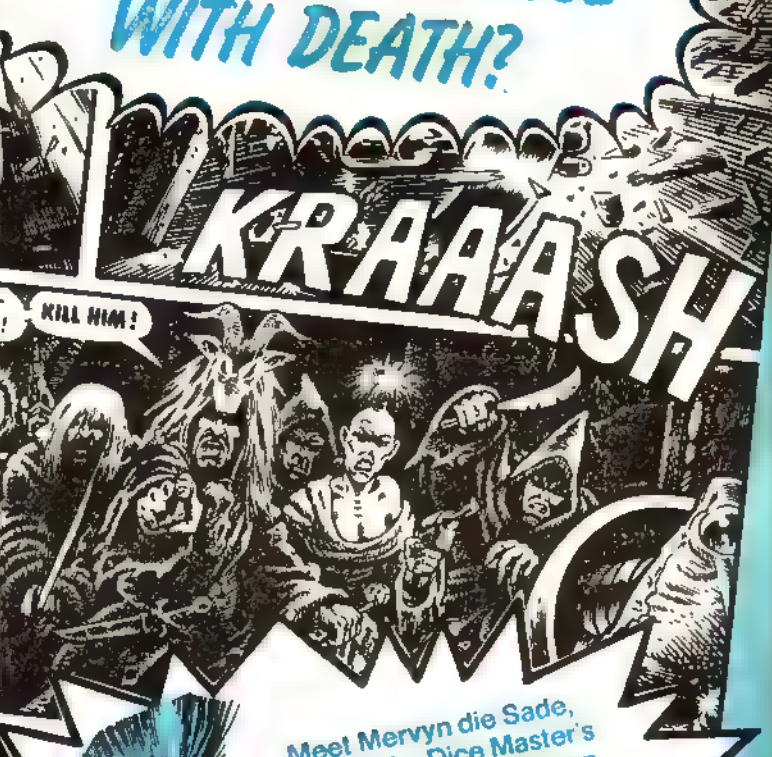
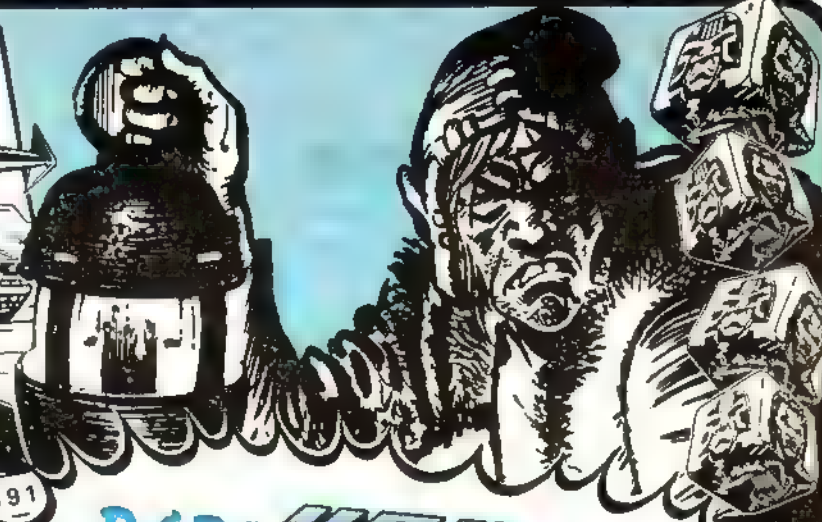
YOU

ARE SLAINE!

You are the legendary barbarian with the strength of ten men battling it out with monsters, goblins and skeletal warriors in the Tower of Glass. With your faithful dwarf Ukko and a fragment from the Book of Tamsin, you embark on a quest for the greatest treasure of all — the Cauldron of Blood. Will you find it... or end up filling it?



IMPACT-ART PICTURE STORIES WHERE YOU MAKE THE DECISIONS



THE HIT TEAM
Artists: Bryan Talbot (Judge Dredd), Kevin O'Neill (Nemesis), David Lloyd (Slaine), Glenn Fabry (Cover). Dredd story: T. B. Grover. Games: Pat Mills.

Avoid your newsagent telling you ... NO DICE!
Reserve a copy of

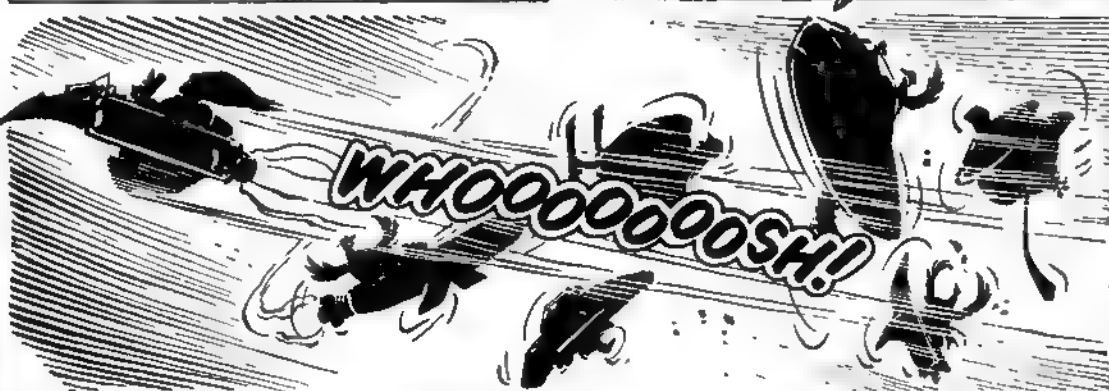
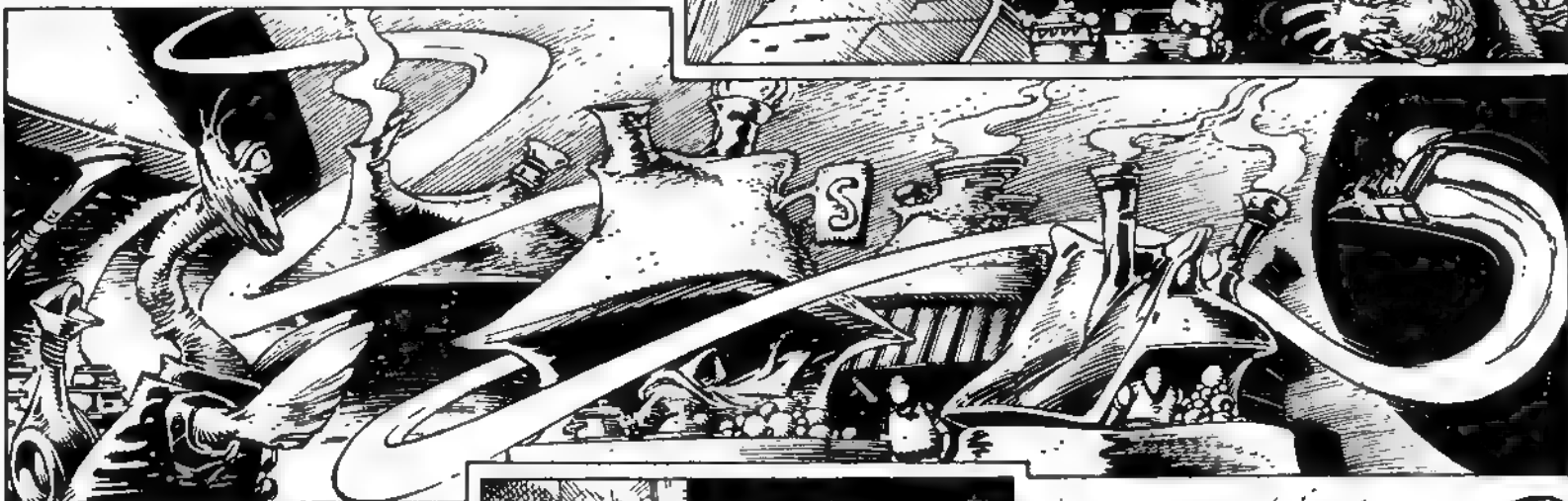
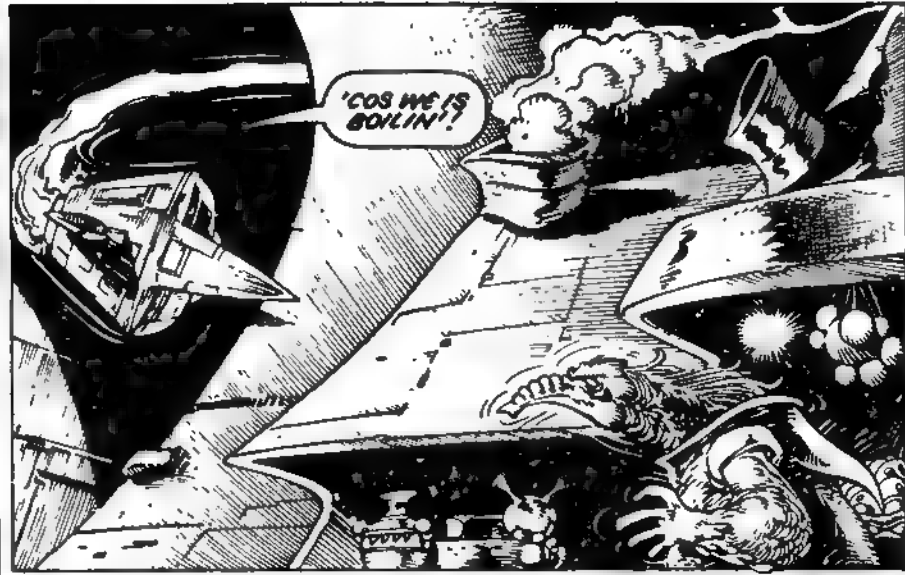
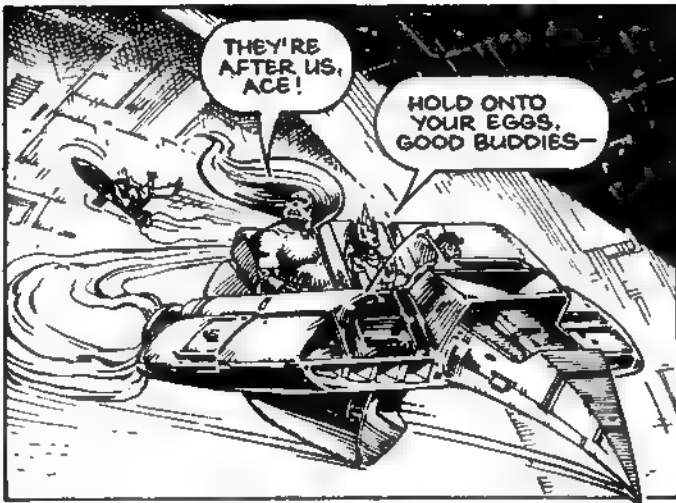
Meet Mervyn die Sade, our DMA—Dice Master's Apprentice—who's been lovingly preparing the traps and scraping the bits off when they caught our gametesters.



NOW!









IN CYRIL LARP BLOCK RUINS,
SHOJAN, WARLORD OF JI, HAS
SUMMONED THE LEGENDARY
WARRIORS OF MAYHEM AND
DESTRUCTION - **THE**
SEVEN SAMURAI -



THESE CRIMINAL SCUM
HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE!
GIVE THEM THEIR
REWARD!

UNNGG!

NO,
SHOJAN -

JUDGE

UN666!

AAARGH!

GO FORTH AND ANNOUNCE
THE REIGN OF THE
WARLORD!

WITH THE
POWER OF THE
SEVEN SAMURAI
I AM INVINCIBLE!
MY EMPIRE STARTS HERE...
AND ENDS ONLY WHEN
THE WORLD IS MINE!

CYRIL
LORD

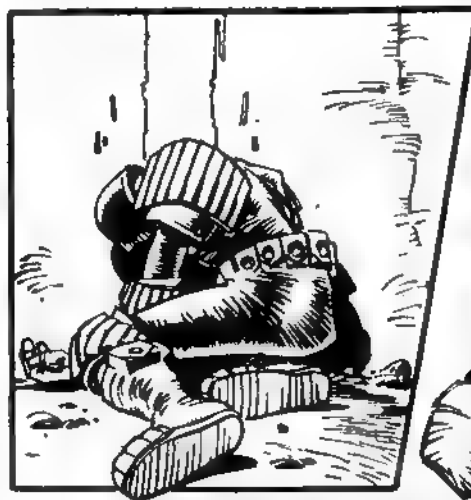
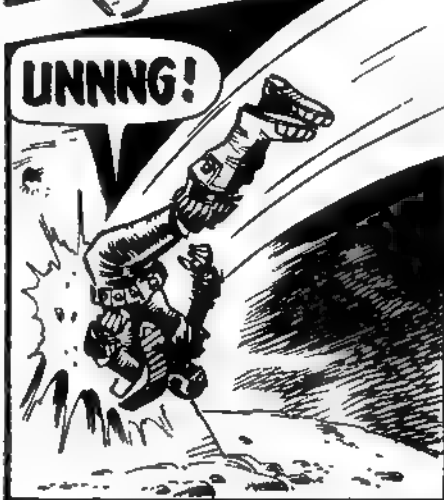
BADDOOM! BADDOOM!

DREDD

DREDD TO CONTROL! LOOKS
LIKE TOJO HIT THE BUTTON!
WE GOT NINE-FOOT NIFT
COMM! THIS WAY IN
FANCY DRESS!



FATOOM!



DREDD'S GONE - GRUD KNOWS HOW
MANY OTHERS! NOTHING WE DO
SEEMS ANY USE -

OMAR - THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY WE CAN BEAT
THESE DEMONS!

CONTROL! I WANT EVERY
MANTA WITHIN RANGE TO
OPEN FIRE ON CYRIL
LORD!

DOK! WHAT
HAVE I
UNLEASHED
ON MY CITY?

SHOJAN'S TIGHT
LINK WITH THIS
WORLD. CUT THAT AND
MY GUESS IS THE
SAMURAI WILL BE
HURLED BACK INTO
THE MYSTIC REGIONS.

BUT, CHIEF JUDGE -
THAT BUILDING'S A
LISTED RUIN!

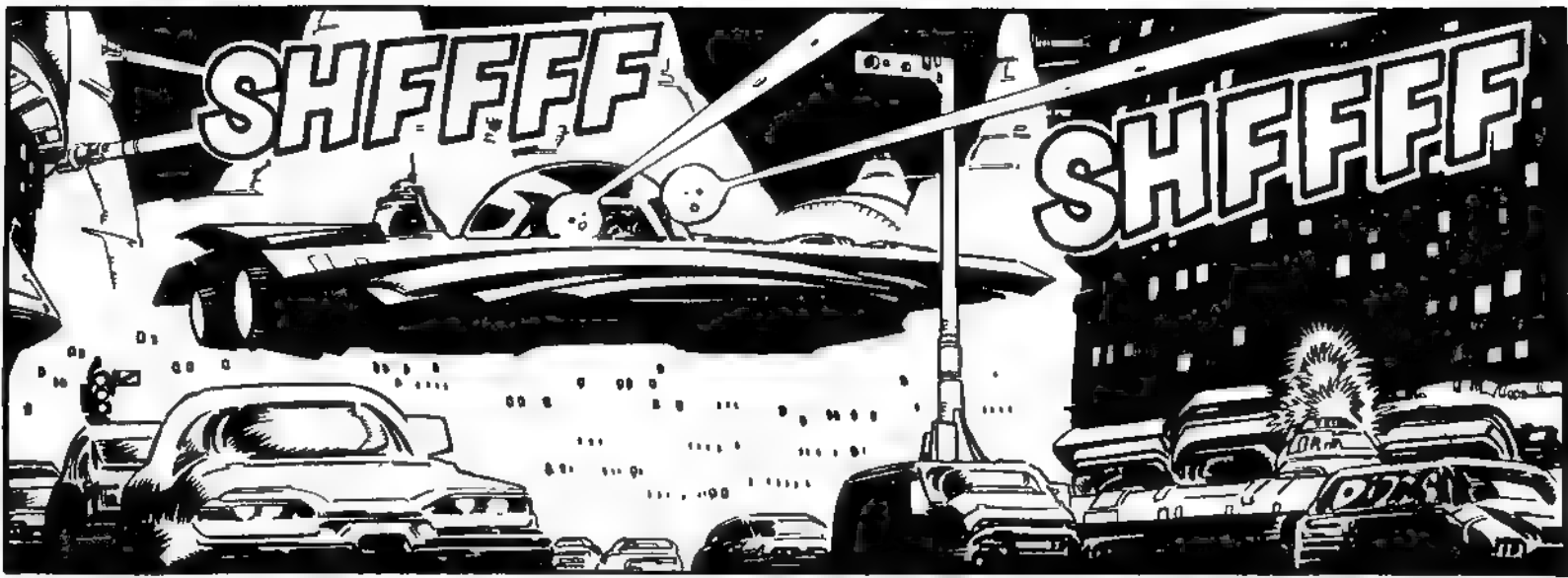
HANG THE LIST!

CYRIL LORD'S A LUXURY
WE CAN'T AFFORD!

CONTRADICTION THE CHIEF JUDGE!
YOU'LL BE ON THE CARPET FOR
THIS, WILTON!

THROUGHOUT THE SECTOR
MANTA PROWL TANKS
TRAIN THEIR GUNS -

Dix Deli



WADOOM

CYRIL
LORD

WASTE YOUR TIME, FOOLS!
NO MISSILE CAN PENETRATE
MY PSIONIC SHIELD!

UNNNNN...

DROKK...
SAMURAI
MUST'VE
LEFT ME
FOR DEAD...

WHAT'S
GOING
ON...?

CYRIL LORD UNDER
MANTA FIRE...THEY
MUST BE TRYING TO
GET SHOJAN!

NEXT PROG:
**DREDD v WARLORD -
AND ONE WILL DIE!**

Strontium Dog

MUTANT BOUNTYHUNTER JOHNNY ALPHA HAS BEEN SENT BACK TO THE VIKING AGE TO TRACK DOWN MAX BUBBA'S MUTIE GANG—WHOSE PRESENCE IN THE PAST IS CREATING TIME DISTORTIONS THAT MAY WIPE OUT ALL HISTORY.

NOW, IN THE DOGHOUSE, ORBITING BASE OF THE SEARCH/DESTROY AGENCY

THESE TIME DISTORTIONS—THEY'RE NOT JUST ACCIDENTS! MAX BUBBA KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING—HE'S DELIBERATELY SETTING OUT TO DESTROY US ALL!

YEAH—THAT'S BUBBA'S STYLE! GET HIS OWN BACK—WIPE OUT THE NORMS!

WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT HE MAY BE CREATING A TIME CATASTROPHISM THAT WILL DESTROY HIM AS WELL!



EITHER WAY, TIME IS GETTING VERY SHORT!

WHAT IF ALPHA DOESN'T DO HIS JOB? SNECK! HE'S A MUTIE, TOO! WHAT IF HE FEELS THE SAME WAY AS BUBBA?



THEN, MY DEAR HARVEY, WE CAN ALL SAY GOODBYE!



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SCRIPT ROBOT
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COMPU-73e

793 A.D. THE LONGSHIP
DRAGONBREATH IS IN
DIRE STRAITS —

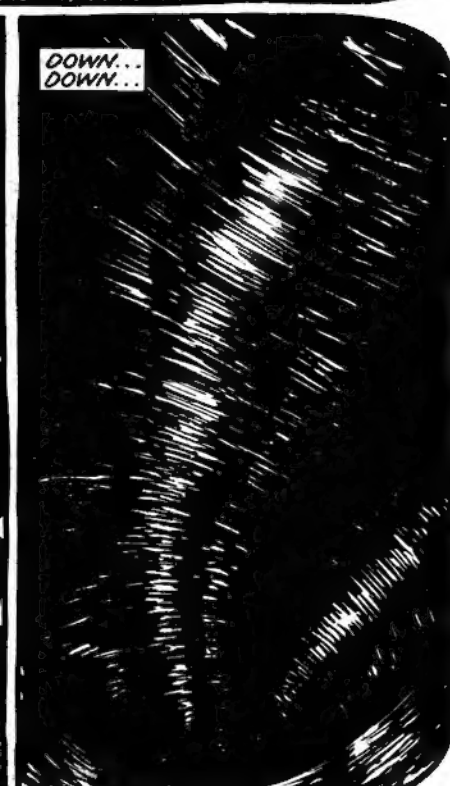
IT'S NO
GOOD! THE
MAELSTROM
IS TOO
STRONG!

RAGNAROK
IS ON US!

YOU HAVE
LED US TO
OUR DOOM,
JOHNNY-
WEIRD-EYES
BUT I BLAME
YOU NOT.

OUR ENEMIES
HAD TO BE FACED
AT LEAST WE
TRIED!

WE'RE
BREAKING
UP!



INSTINCTIVELY, THE
YOUNG MUTANT
CLUTCHES A PIECE
OF WRECKAGE
FOR SUPPORT—

THEN IT ITSELF IS SWEEPED
LIKE A MATCHSTICK INTO
THE THUNDEROUS VORTEX!

DOWN...
DOWN...

TO BE DASHED WITH
BONE-JARRING
FORCE AGAINST
THE SEA-BED!

LINDERTOW'S
GOT ME...

SWEEP HELPLESSLY ALONG,
LUNGS BURSTING, THROUGH
A JAGGED UNDERSEA CAVERN
WHERE TENDRILS OF WEED
SEEM TO CLING LIKE LIVING
THINGS!

AND THEN, ABOVE—

LIGHT!
THE
SURFACE—

AS HE RISES HIS
TORTURED LUNGS
YIELD, SUCKING
DESPERATELY FOR
AIR— AND FINDING
ONLY SALT WATER!



JOHNNY WEIRD-EYES!



IT'S HAGAR HEIMDALL!



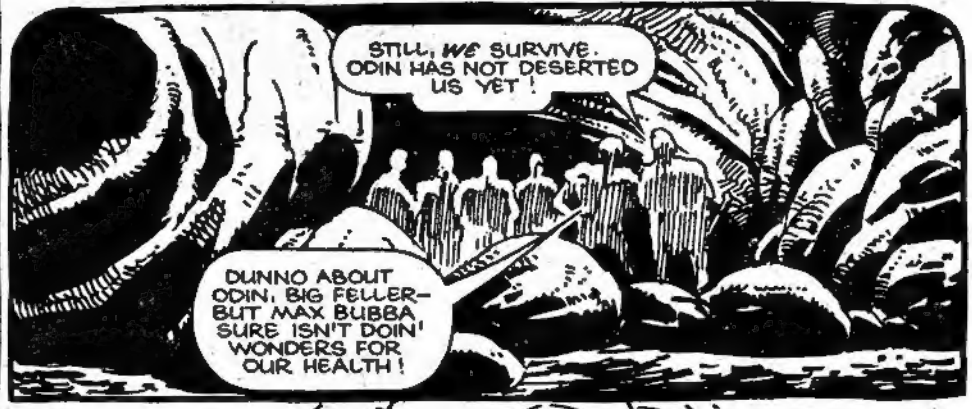
HOW MANY OF US SURVIVED?

WITH YOU—ELEVEN.

HERE'S ANOTHER!



AYE—BUT HIS SAGA ENDS HERE!



STILL, WE SURVIVE. ODIN HAS NOT DESERTED US YET!

DUNNO ABOUT ODIN, BIG FELLER—BUT MAX BUBBA SURE ISN'T DOIN' WONDERS FOR OUR HEALTH!



IF I EVER MANAGE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT MADMAN, I'LL GIVE HIM RAGNAROK!

NEXT PROB: DOG-BONES!

THE NEW MASTERS

IAN GIBSON
(1946-)

